

The movies and games coming out these days look so incredible it stuns me. I'm starting to suspect my readers are so used to rich imagery that manga must feel rather underwhelming by comparison. After all, it's still published in black and white... Remember, though, that manga's strength is in its rapid production. So please overlook its weaknesses.

-Masashi Kishimoto, 2005

Author/artist Masashi Kishimoto was born in 1974 in rural Okayama Prefecture, Japan. After spending time in art college, he won the Hop Step Award for new manga artists with his manga **Karakuri** (Mechanism). Kishimoto decided to base his next story on traditional Japanese culture. His first version of **Naruto**, drawn in 1997, was a one-shot story about fox spirits; his final version, which debuted in **Weekly Shonen Jump** in 1999, quickly became the most popular ninja manga in Japan.





This graphic novel contains material that was originally published in English in **SHONEN JUMP** #65-66. Artwork in the magazine may have been slightly altered from that presented here.

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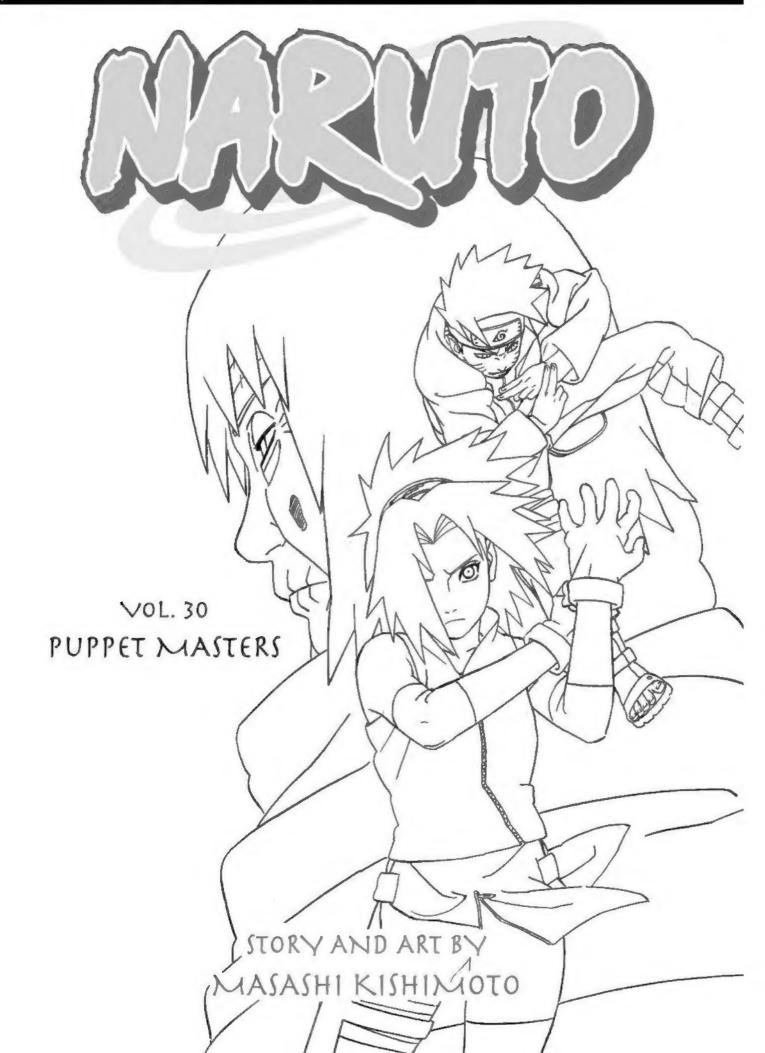
PARENTAL ADVISORY

NARUTO is rated T for Teen and is recommended for ages 13 and up. This volume contains realistic and fantasy violence.

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Naruto was once the bane of the Konohagakure Ninja Academy. Despite the rough start, he successfully joins the ranks of ninja along with Sasuke and Sakura. During the Chûnin Exam, Orochimaru launches Operation Destroy Konoha, an attack thwarted by the Third Hokage's sacrifice of his own life. After the battle, Tsunade steps up to become the Fifth Hokage. Lured by Orochimaru's power, Sasuke leaves Konoha in the company of the Sound Ninja Four. Naruto confronts Sasuke, but no matter how hard he fights, he can't stop his friend.

More than two years pass. Naruto and his friends mature, each undergoing rigorous training. Gaara, who has become Kazekage, is suddenly kidnapped by the dark Akatsuki organization. Naruto and the gang set out for the Akatsuki hideaway on their way to rescue Gaara.





NARUTO

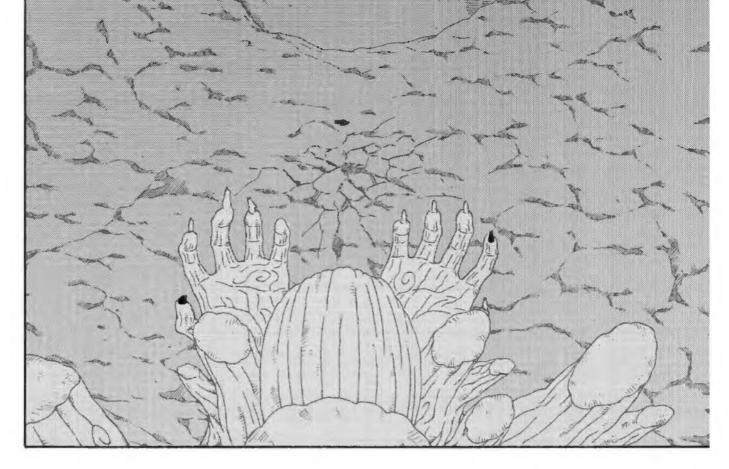
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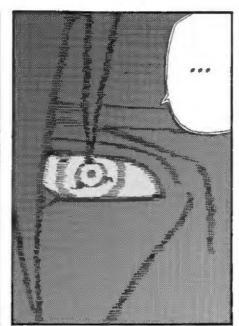








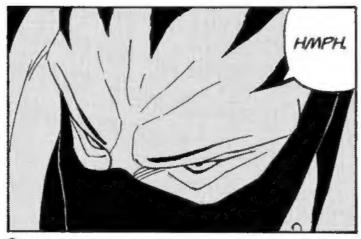


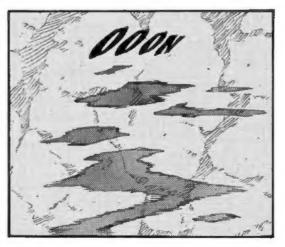




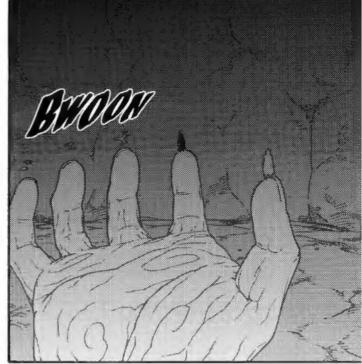






























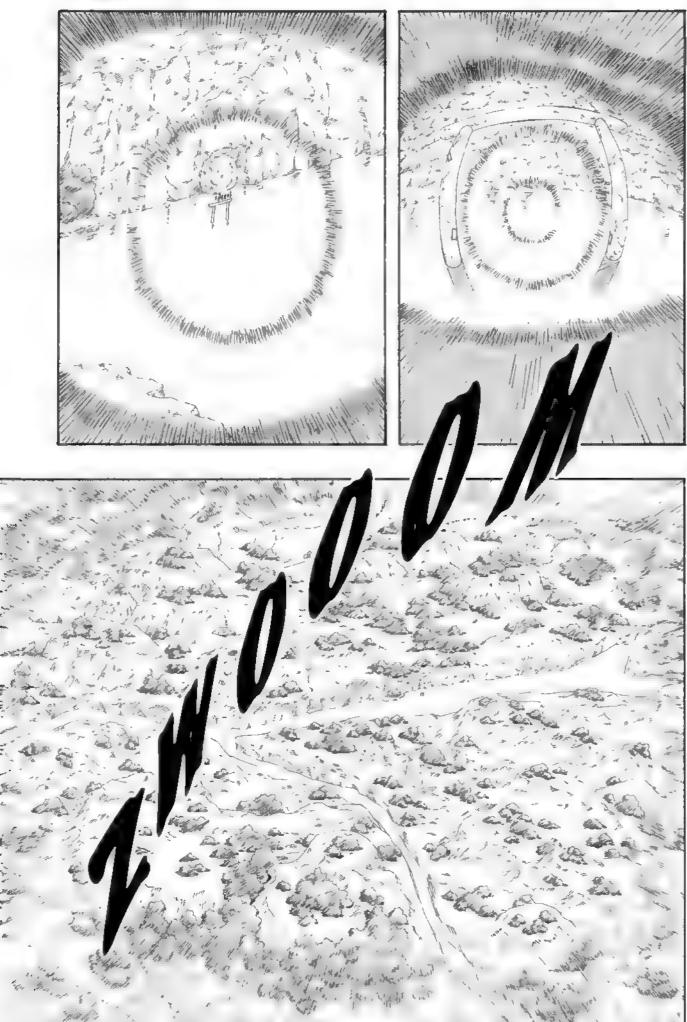




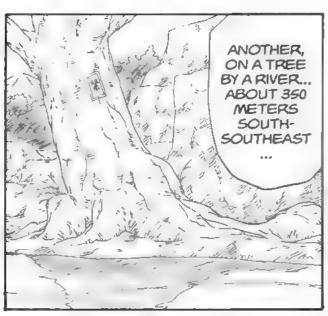


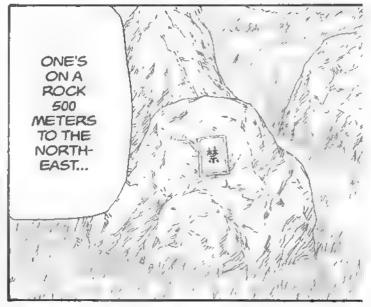


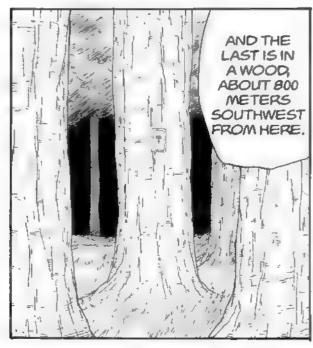




































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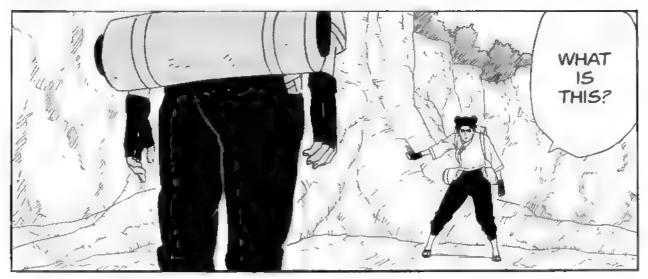
















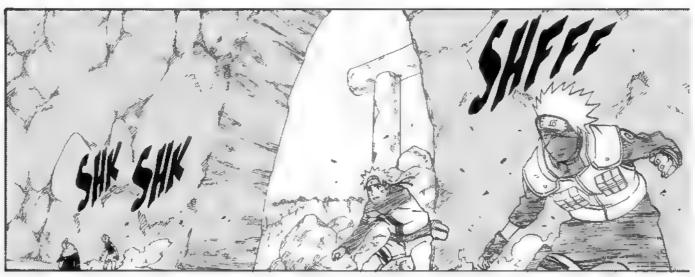












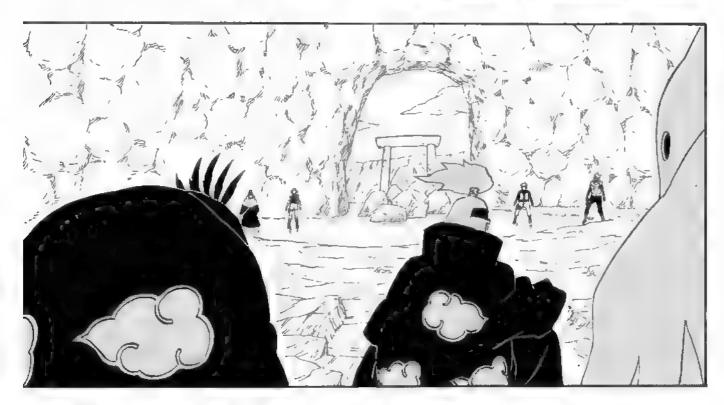






















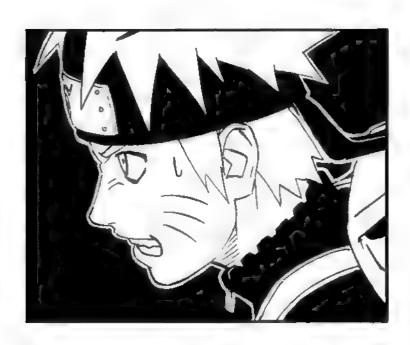




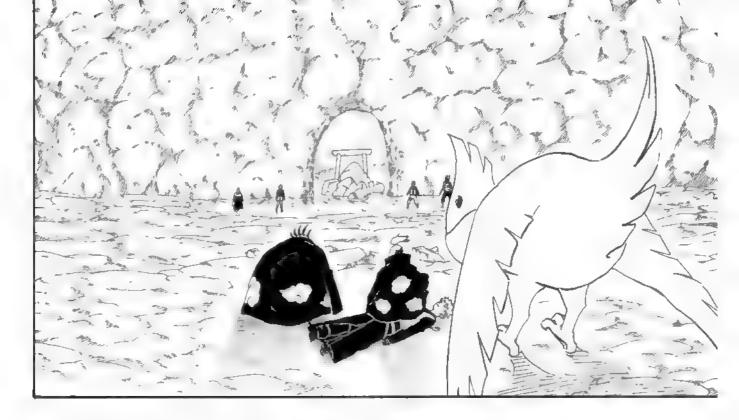




































































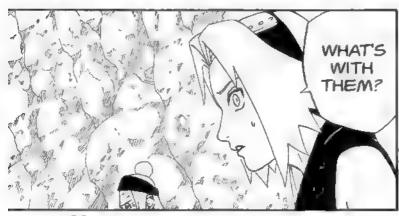












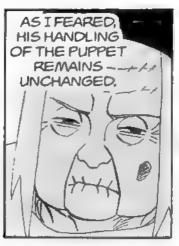
















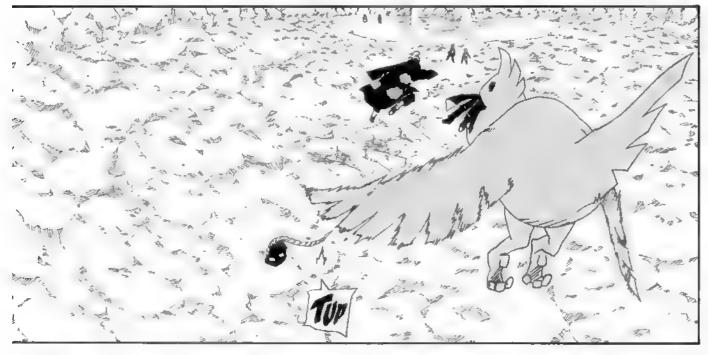




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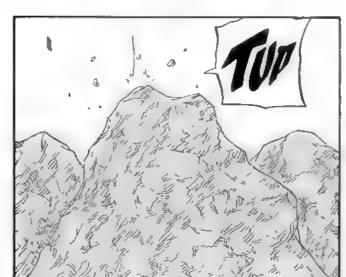




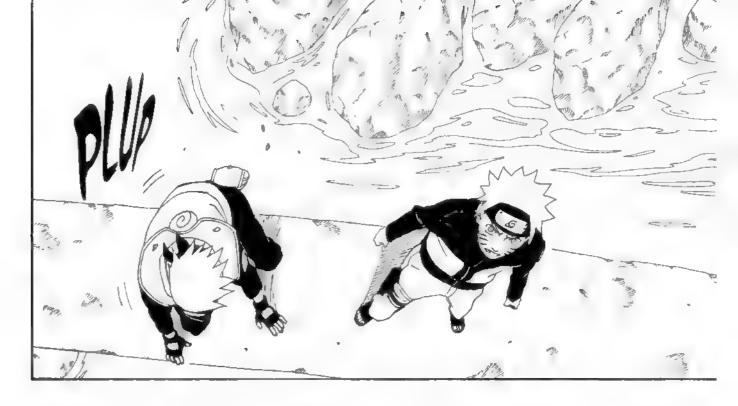




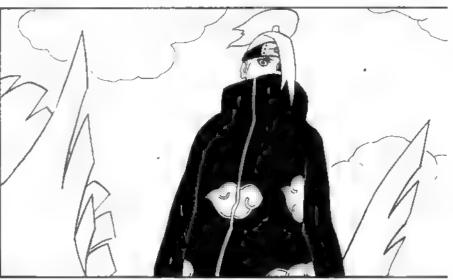


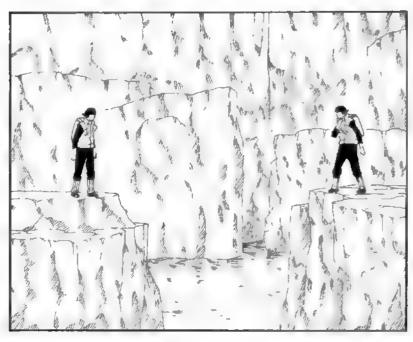










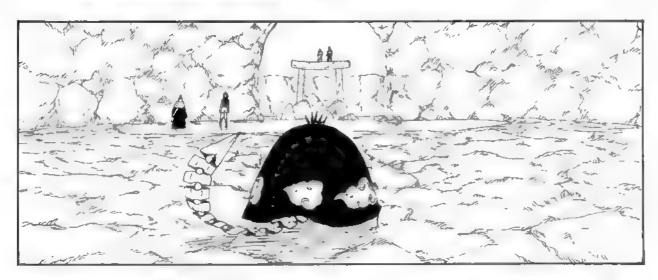






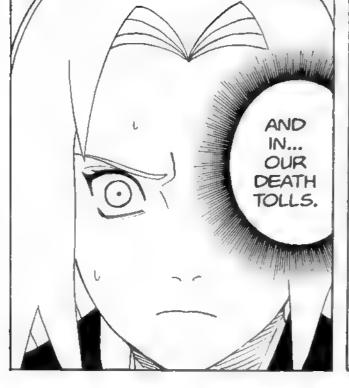


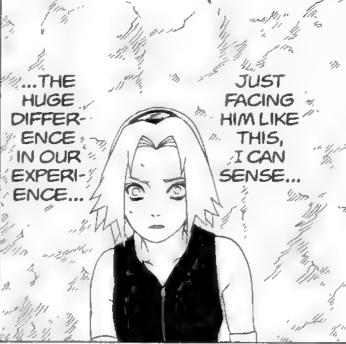






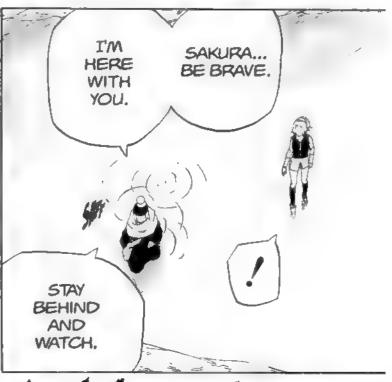






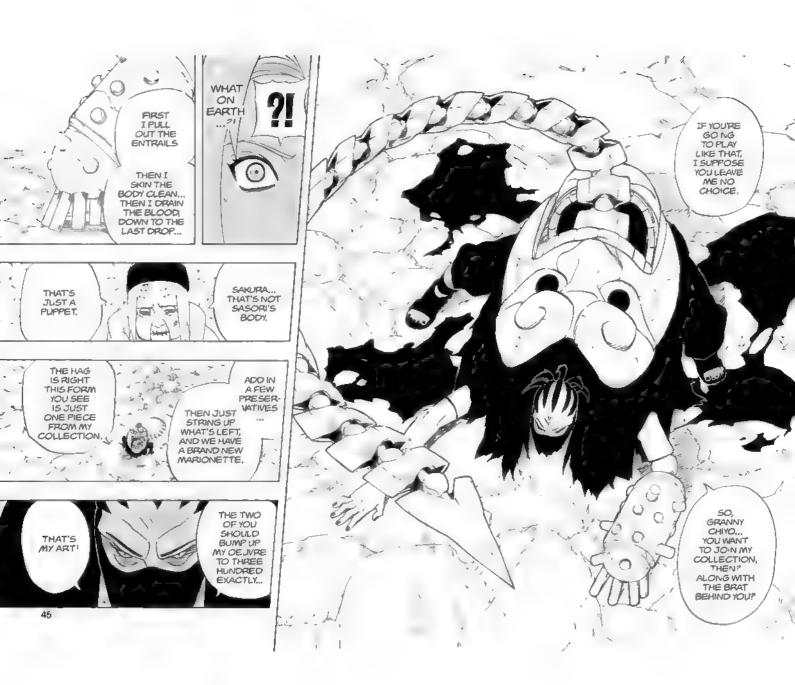












THE WORLD OF KISHIMOTO MASASHI PERSONAL HISTORY: A TRIP ABROAD

ALTHOUGH THE COLLEGE I ATTENDED WASN'T THAT AMAZING, IT DID OFFER AN OPPORTUNITY TO VISIT OVERSEAS ART MUSEUMS. THE TRIP WASN'T MANDATORY OR ANYTHING, SO I WASN'T PLANNING TO SIGN UP. THERE SEEMED LITTLE POINT IN TRAVELING ABROAD JUST TO VISIT ART MUSEUMS. BESIDES, IT WAS SUPER EXPENSIVE. THERE WAS NO WAY I COULD SWING IT ON A PART-TIME JOB. STILL, MY FATHER INSISTED THAT I SHOULD GO, RATTLING ON ABOUT COLLEGE AND TREASURED MEMORIES. HE'D EVEN PAY FOR IT HIMSELF, HE SAID. IF I HADN'T ACCEPTED, I MIGHT'VE GIVEN HIM A CONNIPTION. (AS A FATHER HE JUST HAD TO BITE THE BULLET. THERE'S NO WAY HE COULD TELL HIS SON IT WAS TOO EXPENSIVE TO GO.)

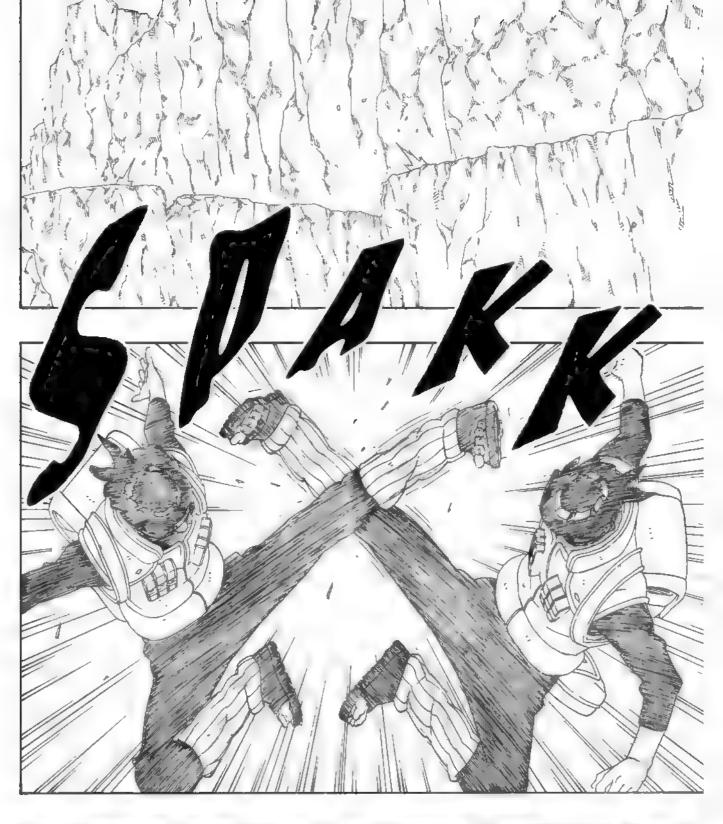
THE TOUR BROUGHT US TO SPAIN AND FRANCE. IN SPAIN, THERE WAS ONE MUSEUM I WAS PARTICULARLY LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING. WHEN WE GOT THERE, THOUGH, THEY WOULDN'T LET US IN. THEY TOLD US THEY'D JUST FOUND A BAG CONTAINING EXPLOSIVES. SO ALL WE WOUND UP SEEING WAS A BOMB SQUAD.

WHEN WE GOT TO FRANCE, I MADE A BEELINE FOR THE MONA LISA. I FIGURED, HEY, AFTER SPENDING SO MUCH MONEY ON THE TRIP, I SHOULD AT LEAST GET A GLIMPSE OF THE REAL MCCOY. THE PAINTING WAS SO POPULAR THAT IT HAD AMASSED A HUGE WALL OF PEOPLE, BLOCKING ANY VIEW. UNDAUNTED IN MY QUEST, I WAITED FOR AN OPENING. THE MOMENT A PERSON SHUFFLED AWAY, I DASHED FOR HIS PLACE. "AH, SO THIS IS THE MONA LISA!" NOT THAT I KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT THE PAINTING, REALLY, BUT I STILL ACTED LIKE IT TOUCHED ME.

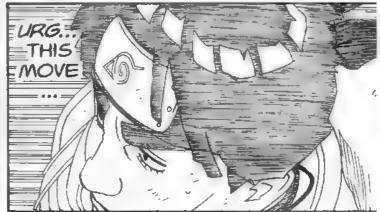
AFTER A MOMENT OF GAWKING UP AT IT, I FELT THIS INTENSE PAIN ON MY CHEEK. "YOWCH!" FALLING TO THE GROUND, I REFLEXIVELY LOOKED BACK, ONLY TO SEE... AN OLD WOMAN. THIS WELL-BUILT, ELDERLY FOREIGN LADY, HER FIST STILL RETRACTING. A FIST! WELL, TWO GUESSES WHAT HAD STRUCK ME. I GUESS SHE NEEDED THIS GUY'S HEAD OUT OF THE WAY TO GET A BETTER VIEW.

SO, WELL, IF I SUM UP MY TREASURED MEMORY OF THIS TRIP ABROAD, IT GOES LIKE THIS: BEING PUNCHED DOWN BY A LITTLE OLD FOREIGN LADY RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE MONA LISA AFTER SPENDING A LOT OF MONEY TO SEE IT. THE OLD BIRD JUST STOOD THERE, TAKING SNAPSHOT AFTER SNAPSHOT OF THE PAINTING, EVEN THOUGH CAMERAS WERE PROHIBITED. NO MATTER WHAT COUNTRY THEY'RE FROM, IT SEEMS OLD WOMEN ARE ALWAYS FRIGHTENING.



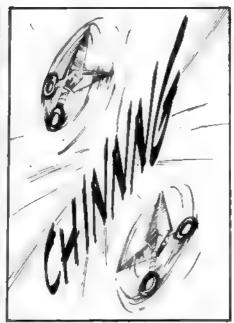






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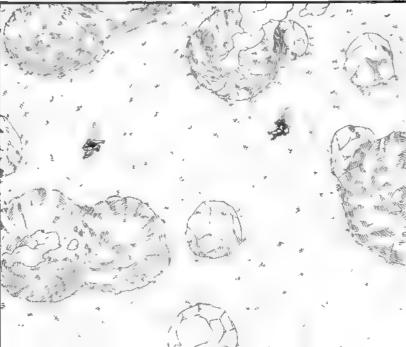




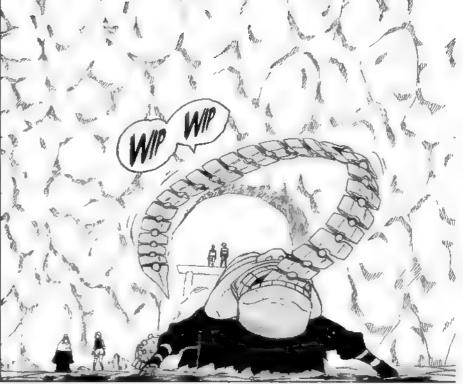






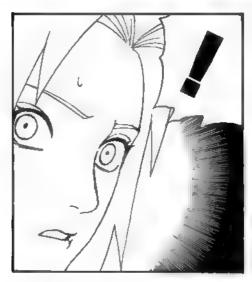


























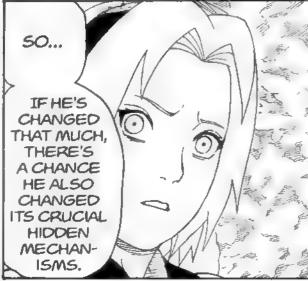








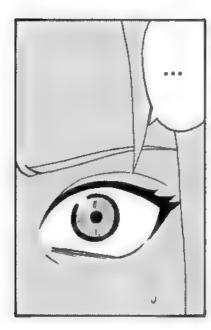






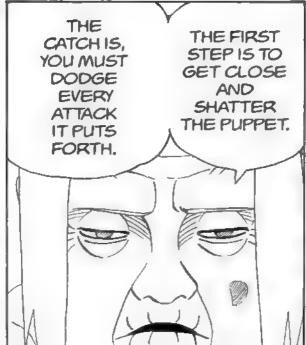










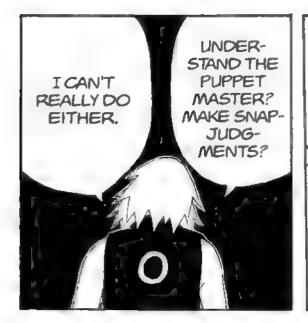








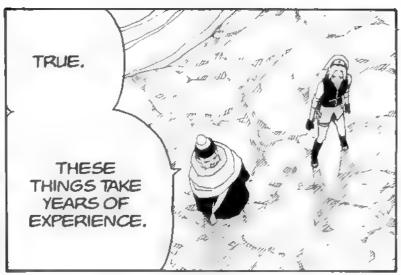


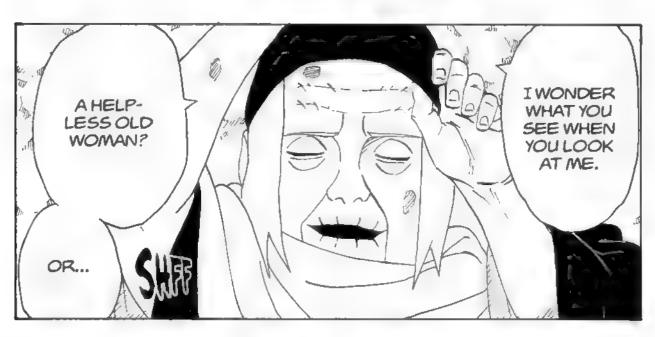










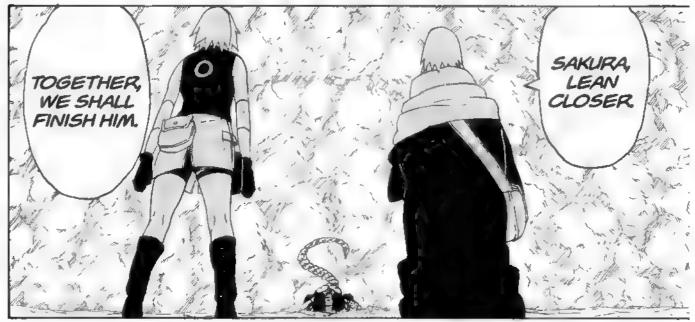






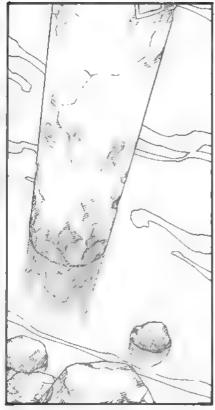














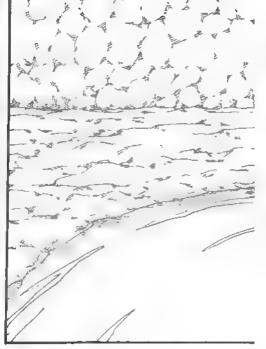


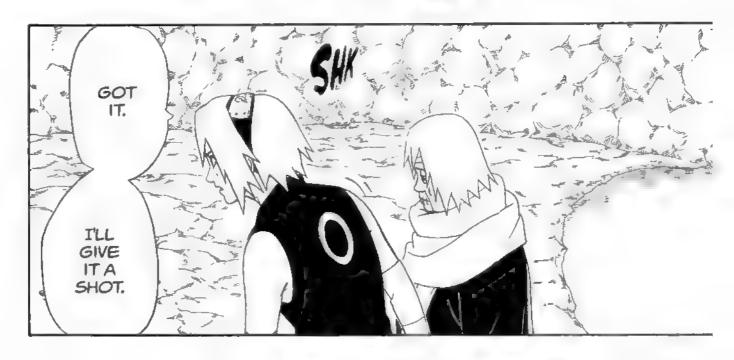














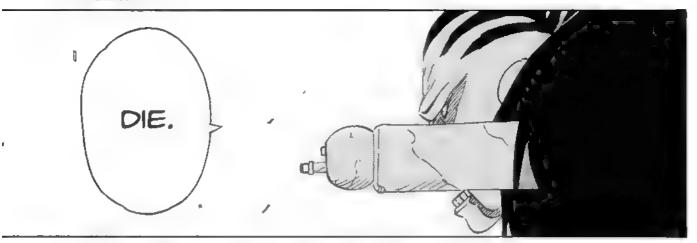














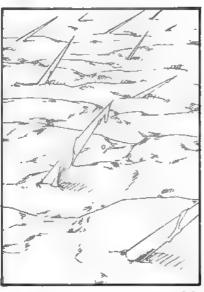








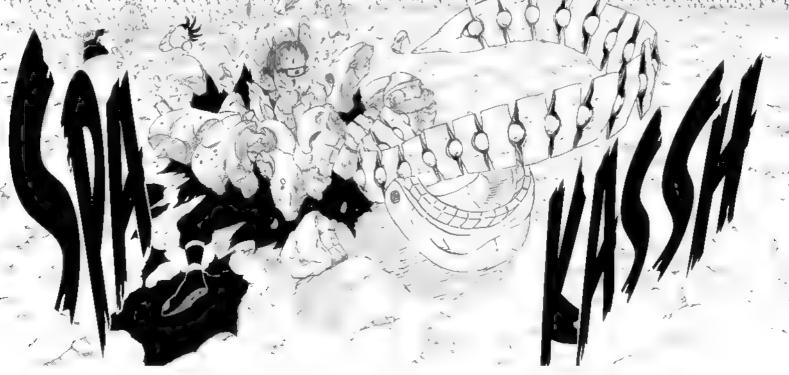




















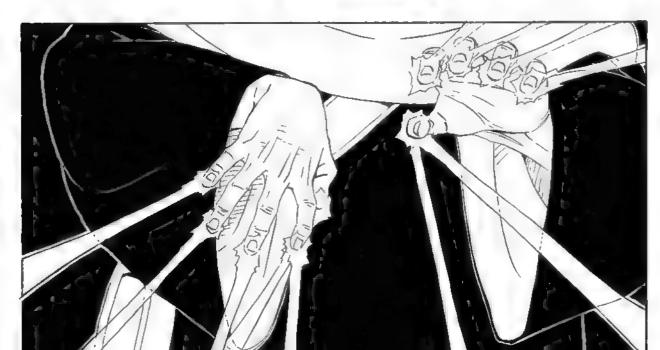


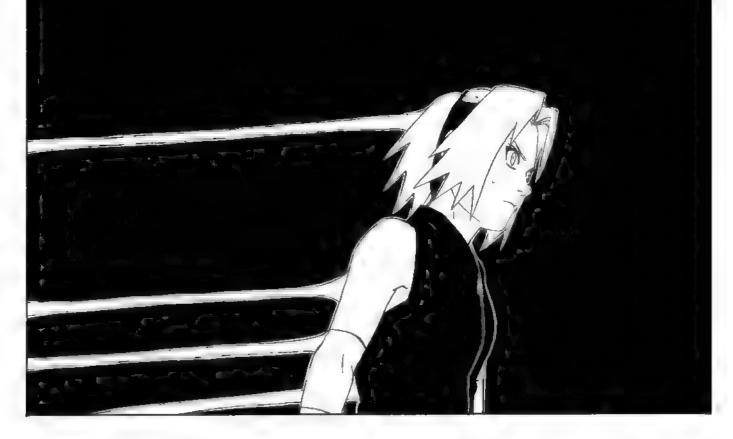
















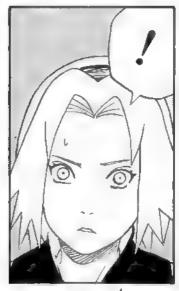


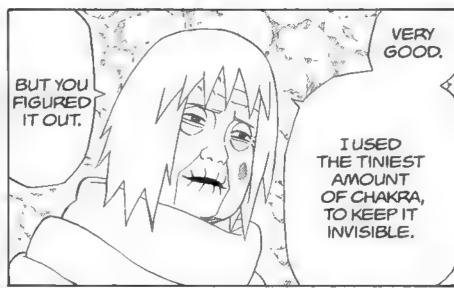








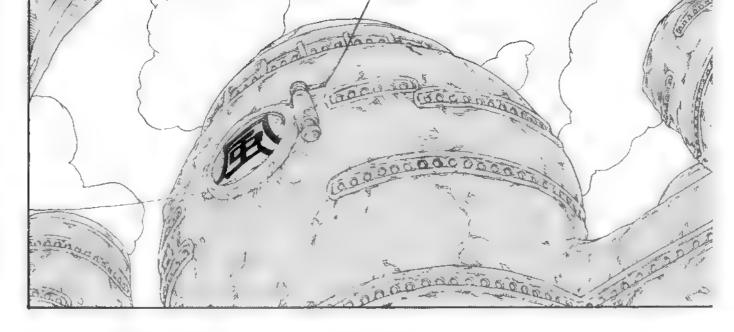


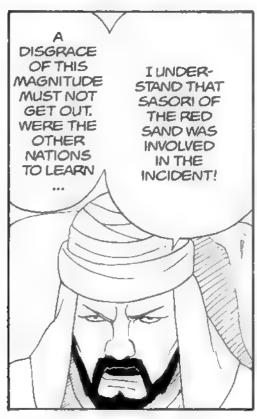


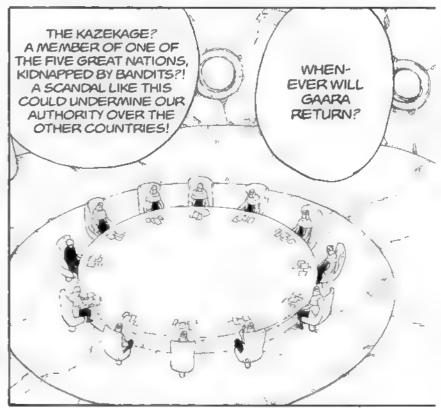


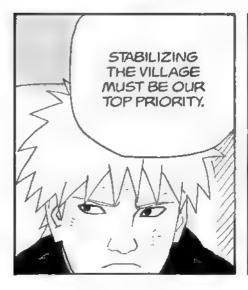
















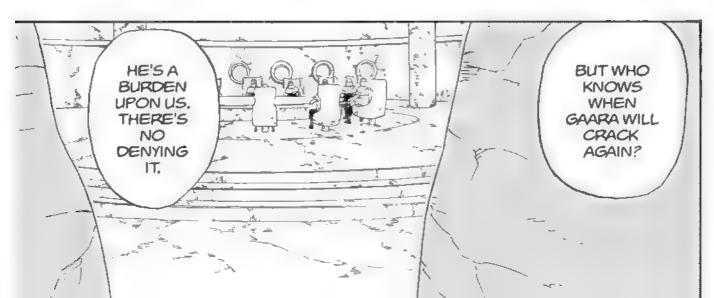








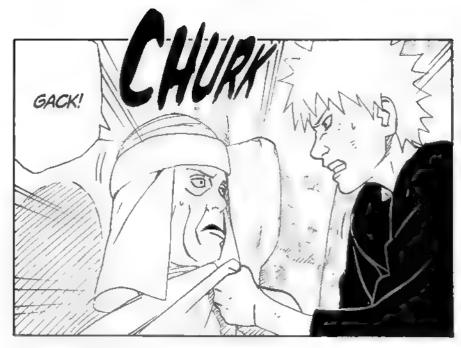






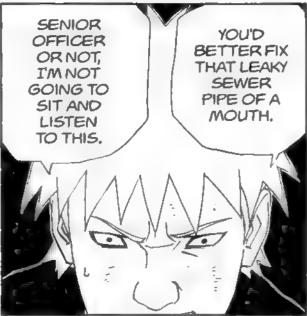


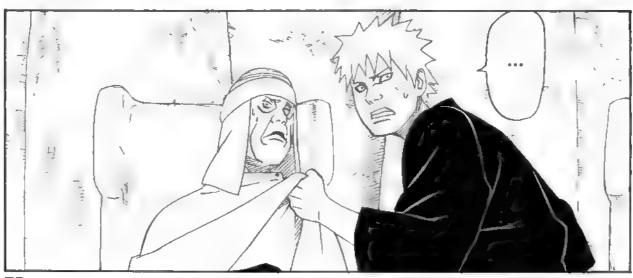












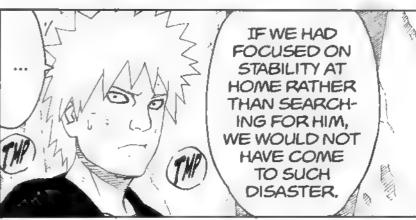














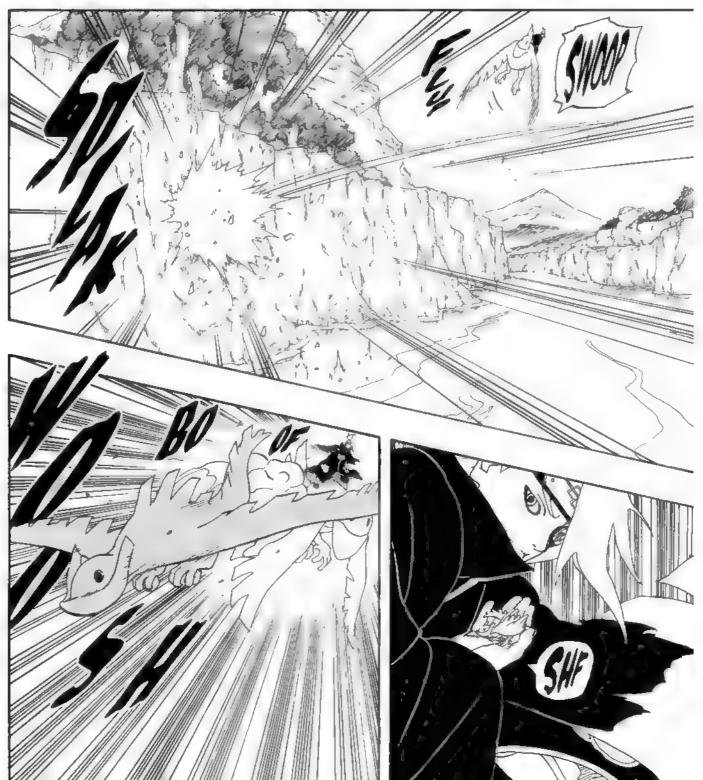




























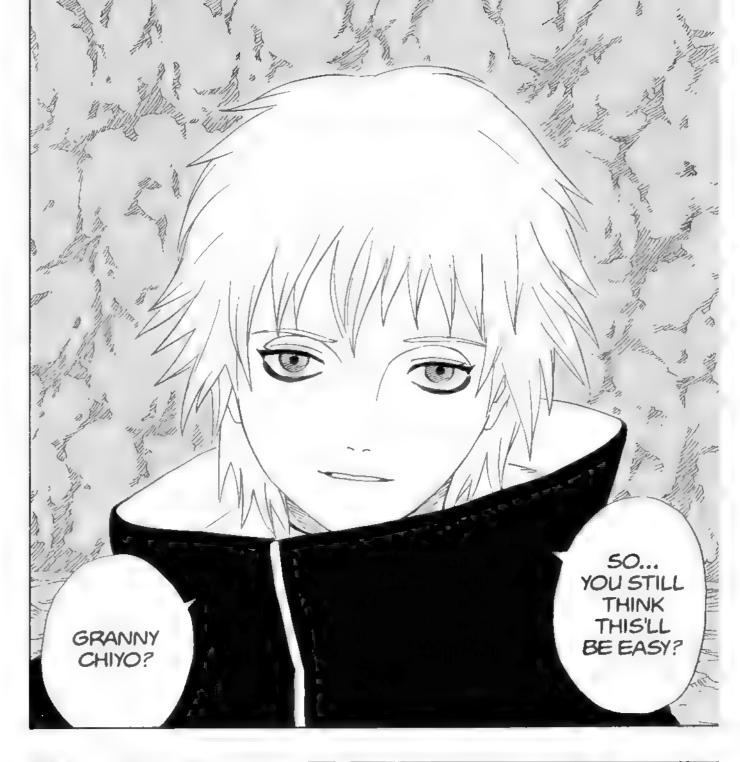




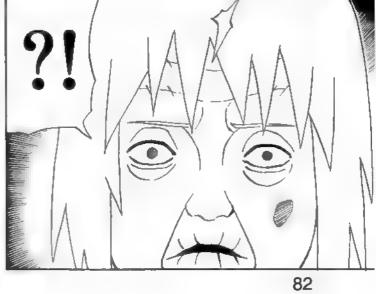


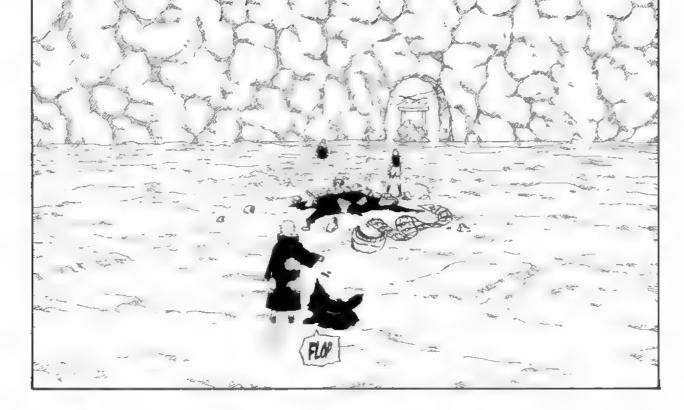
































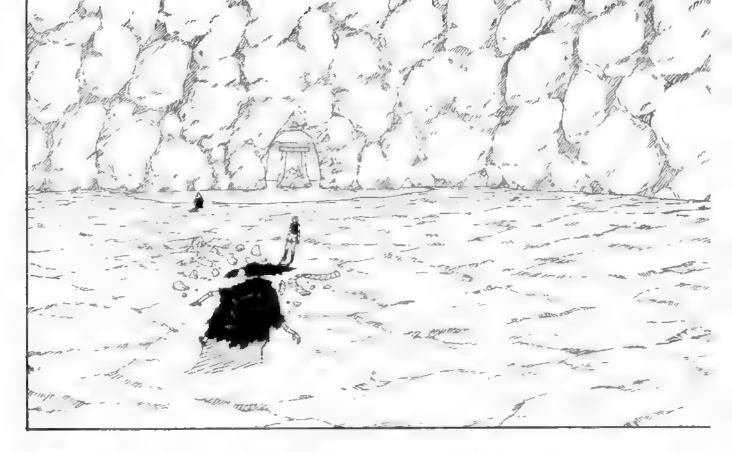


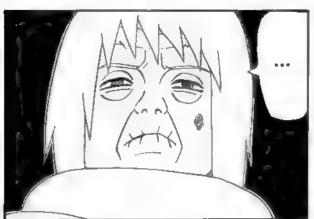




























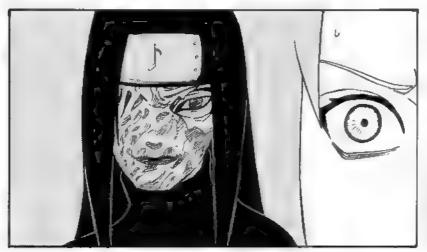


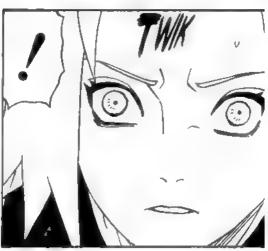
























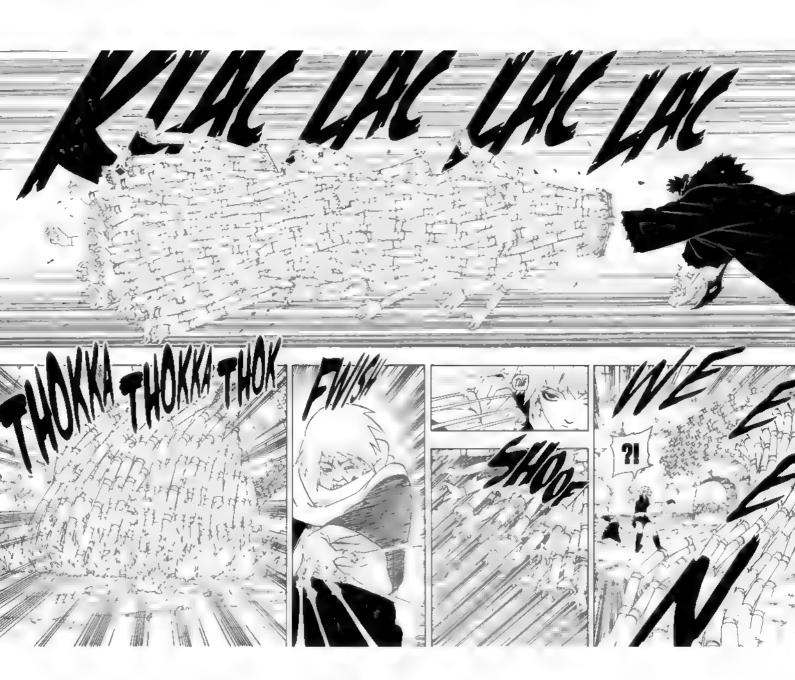


















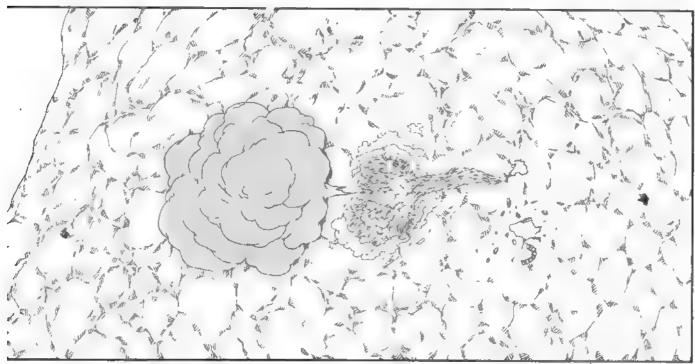








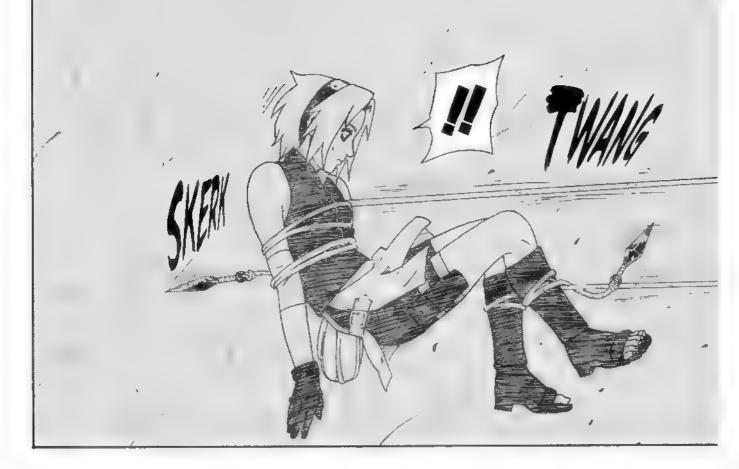
































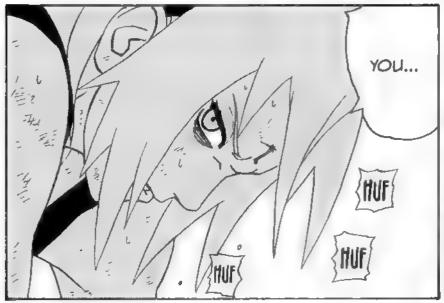














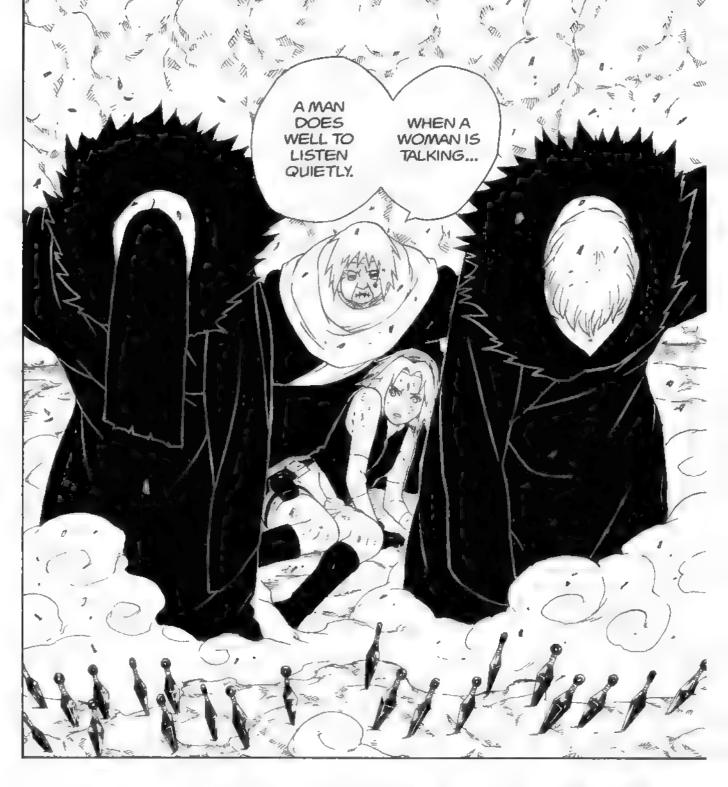






NO MATTER WHAT YOU PULL! NO MATTER WHAT YOU'VE GOT!







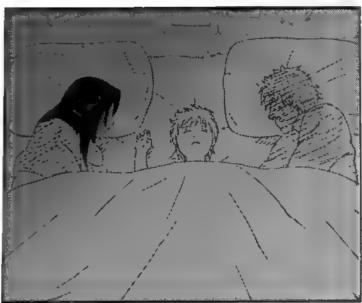






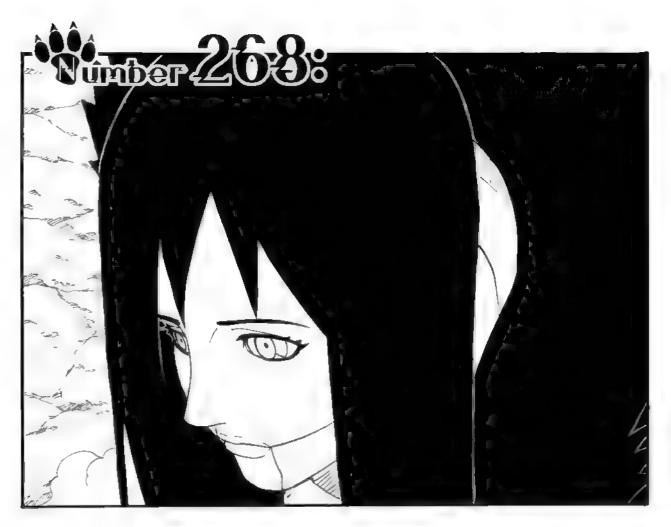






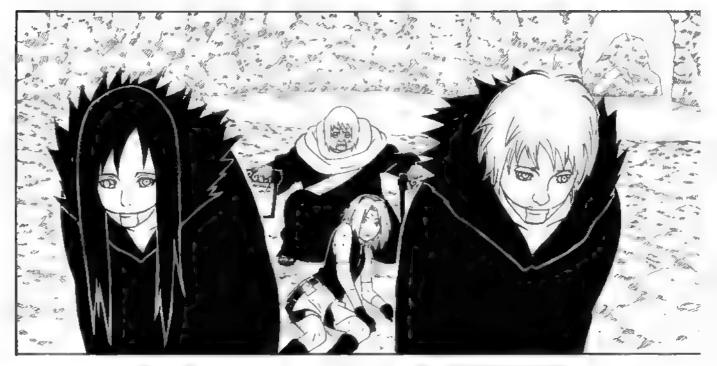






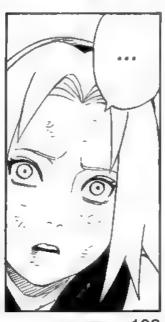




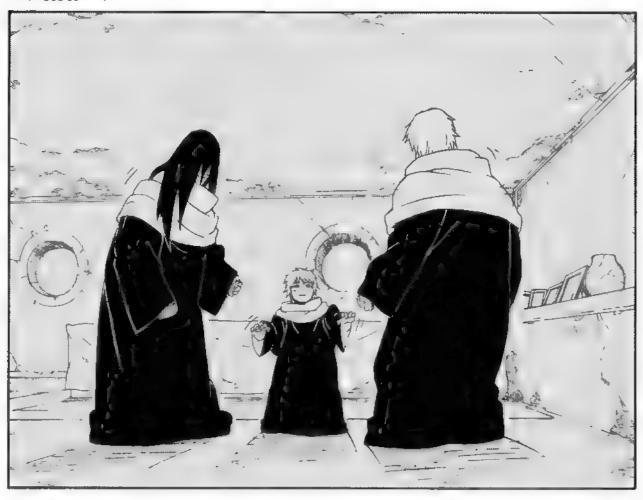


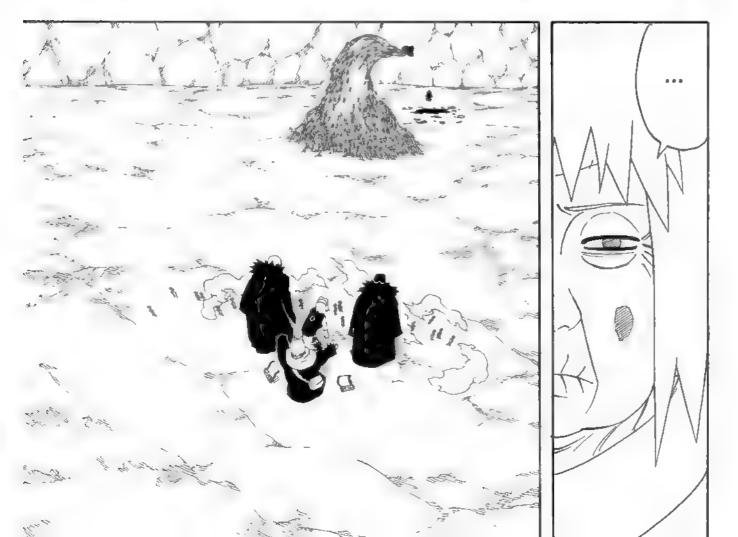






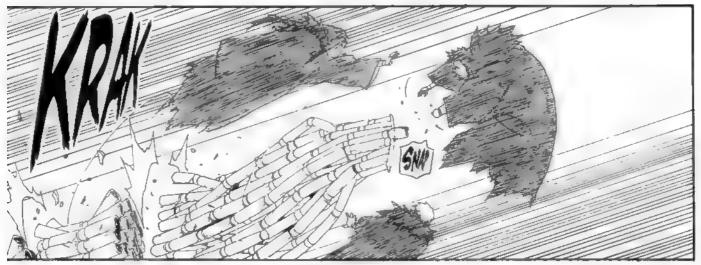


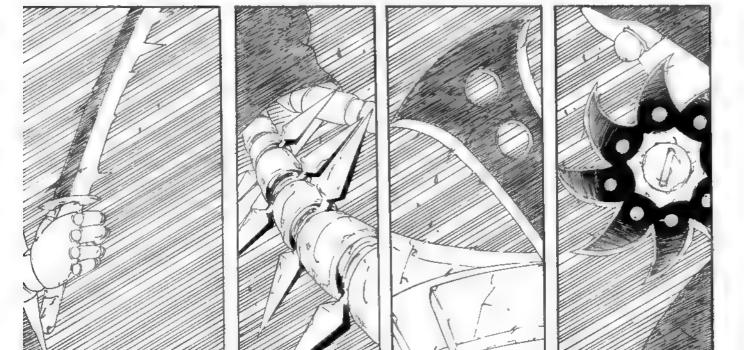


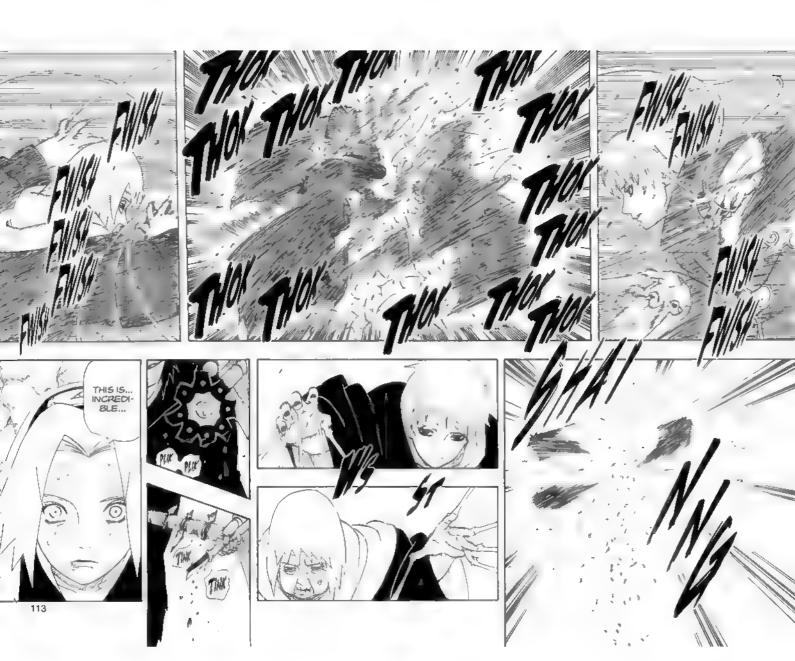










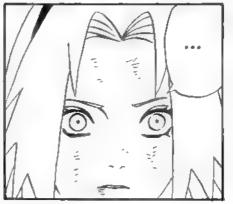


















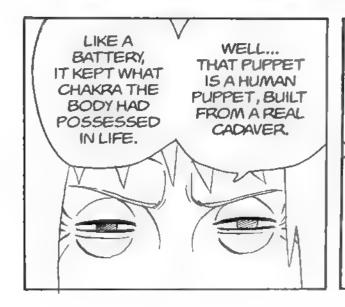






































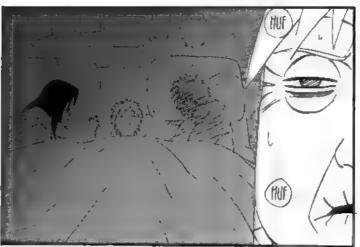








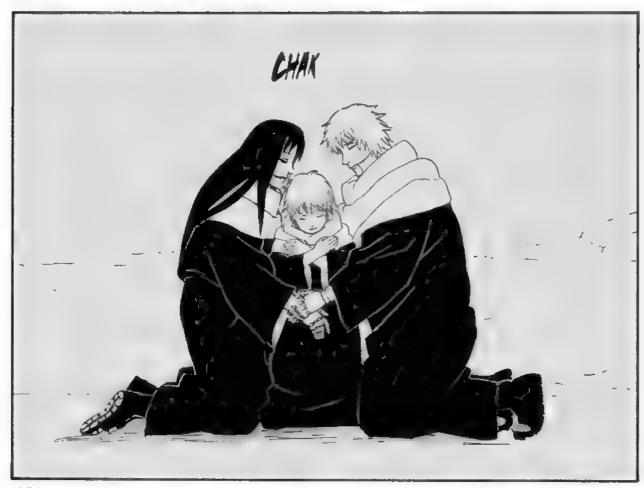










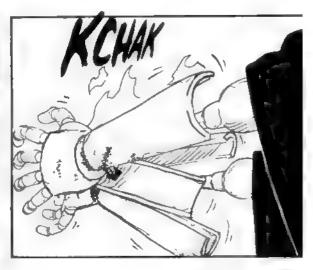




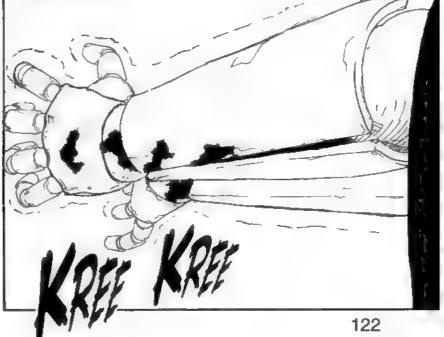






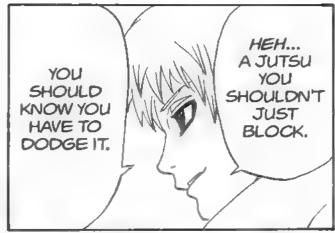
















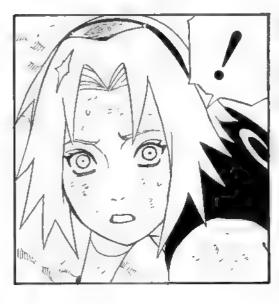


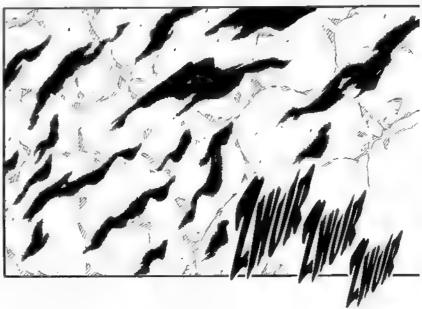


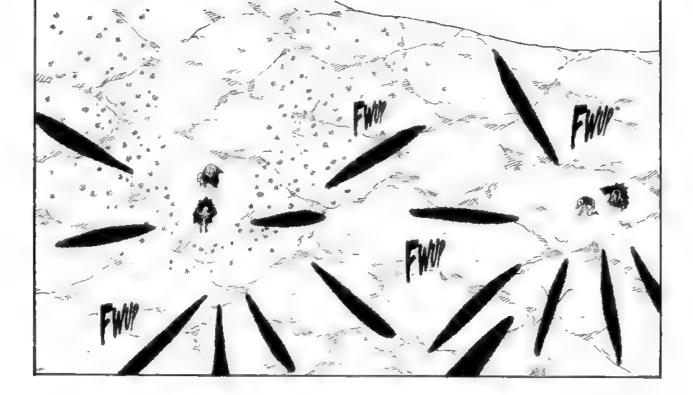






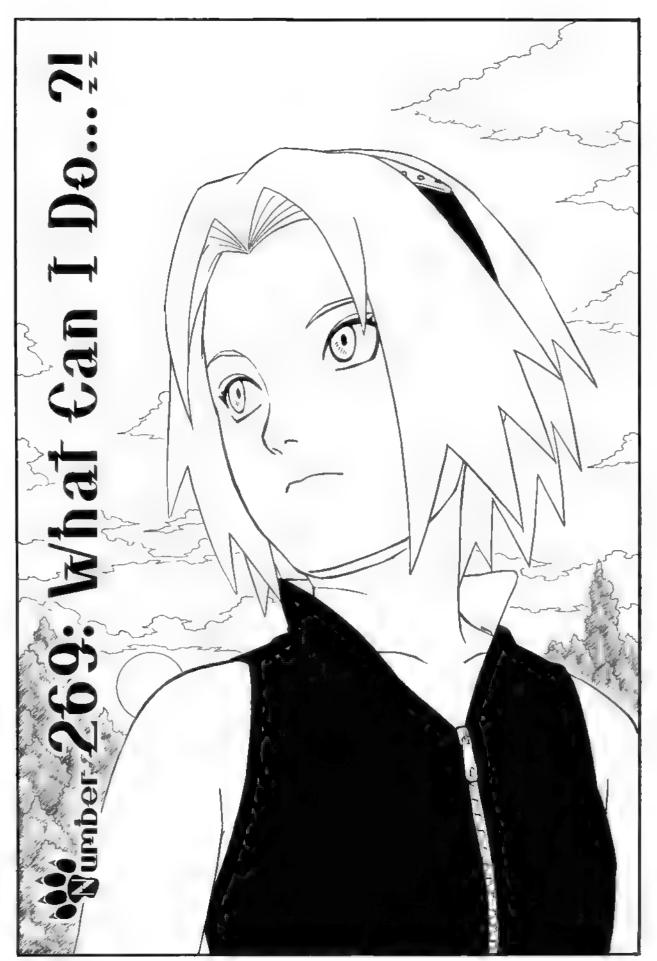












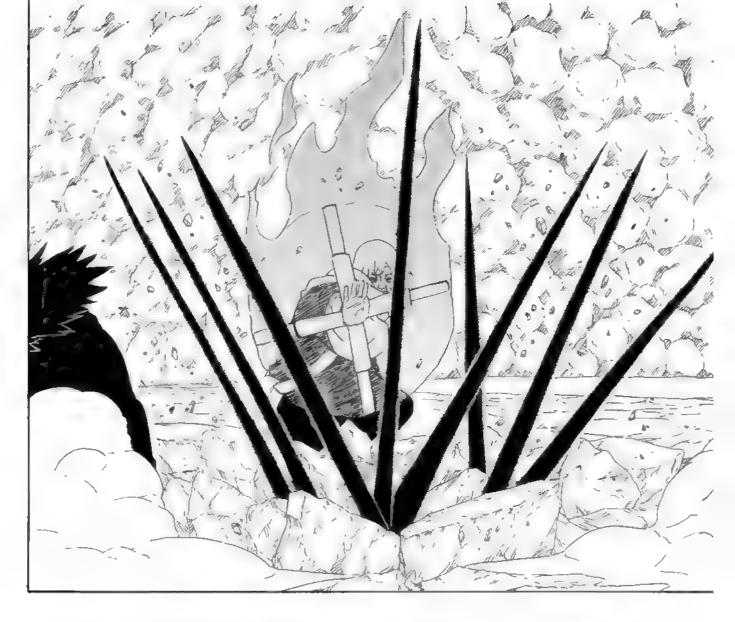






























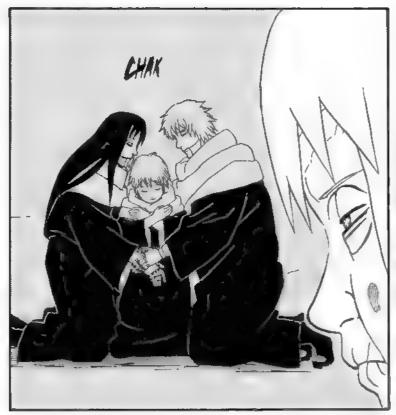






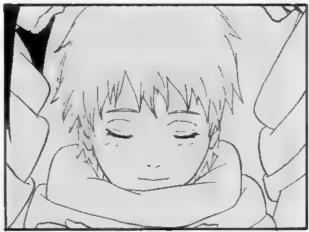






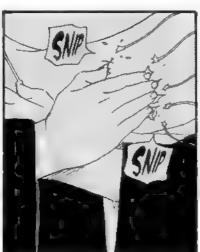














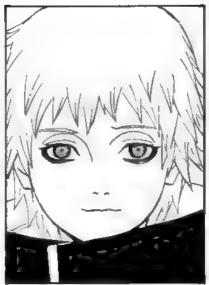








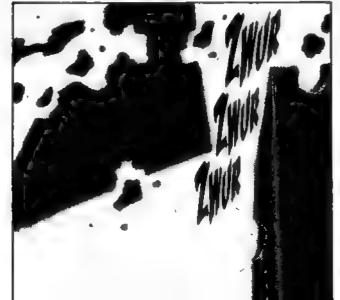
























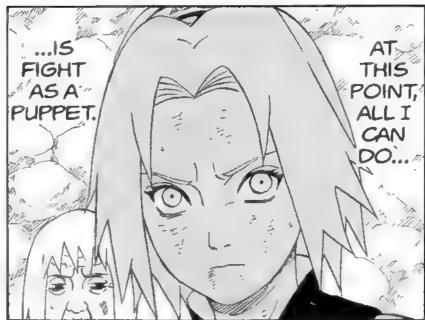














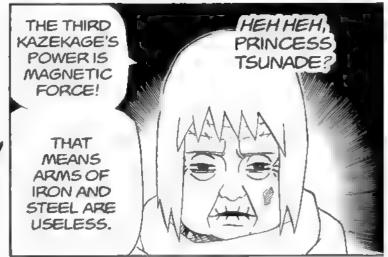




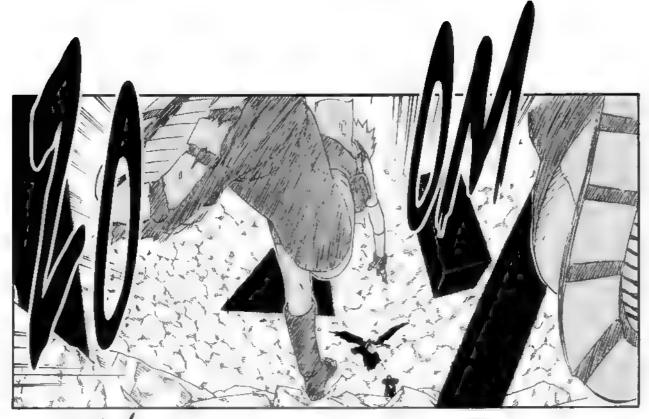




























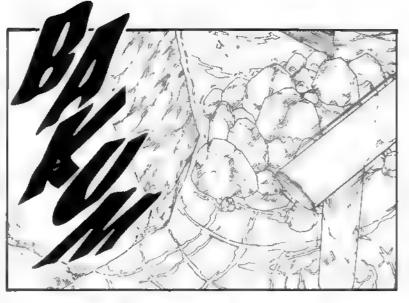


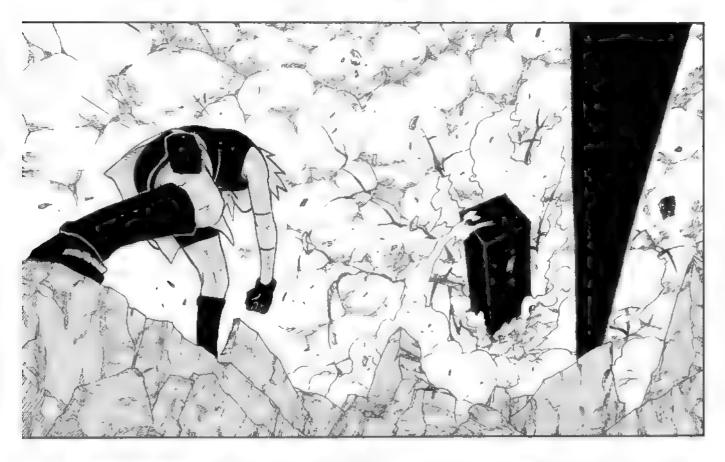


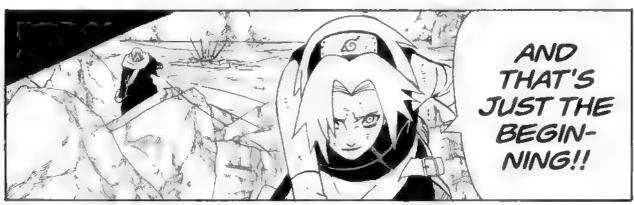






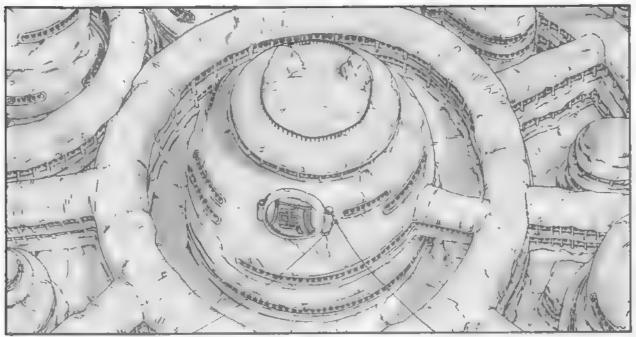


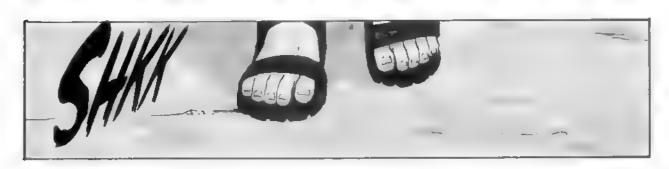






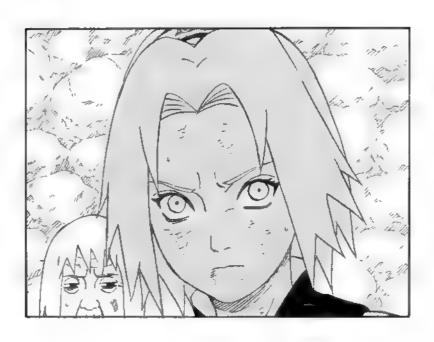
Sumber 270: Miscalculation..!

















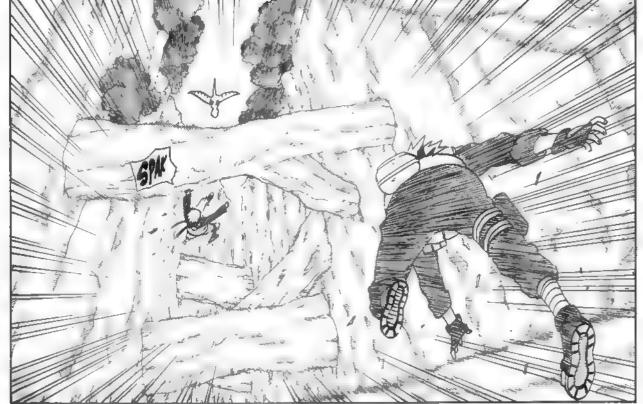






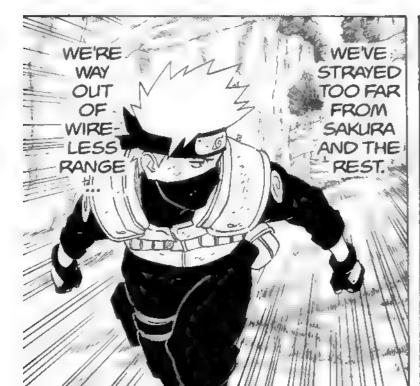






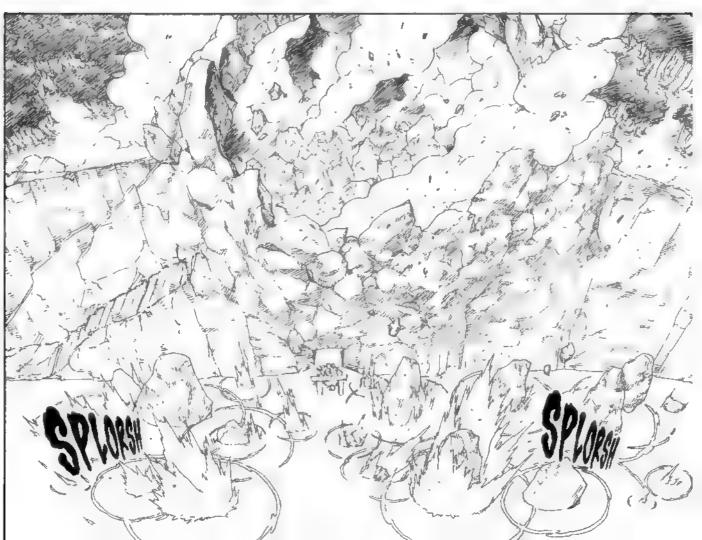




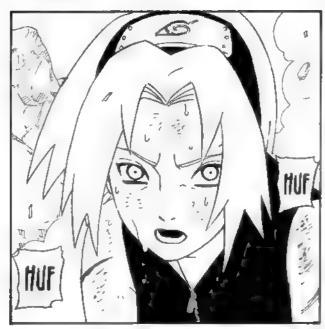














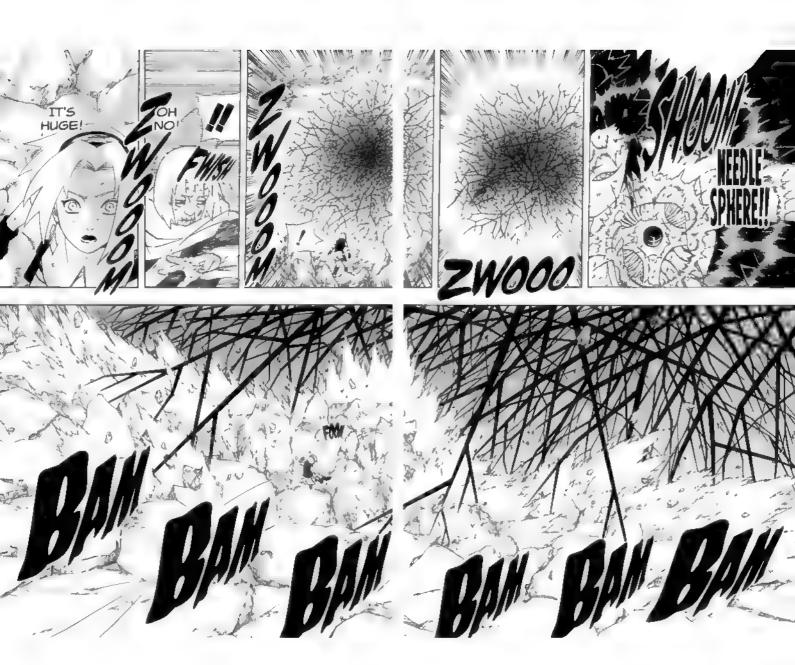




















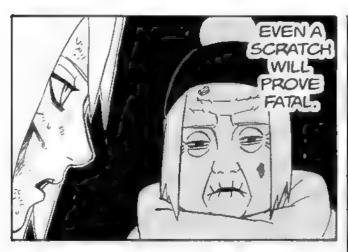


























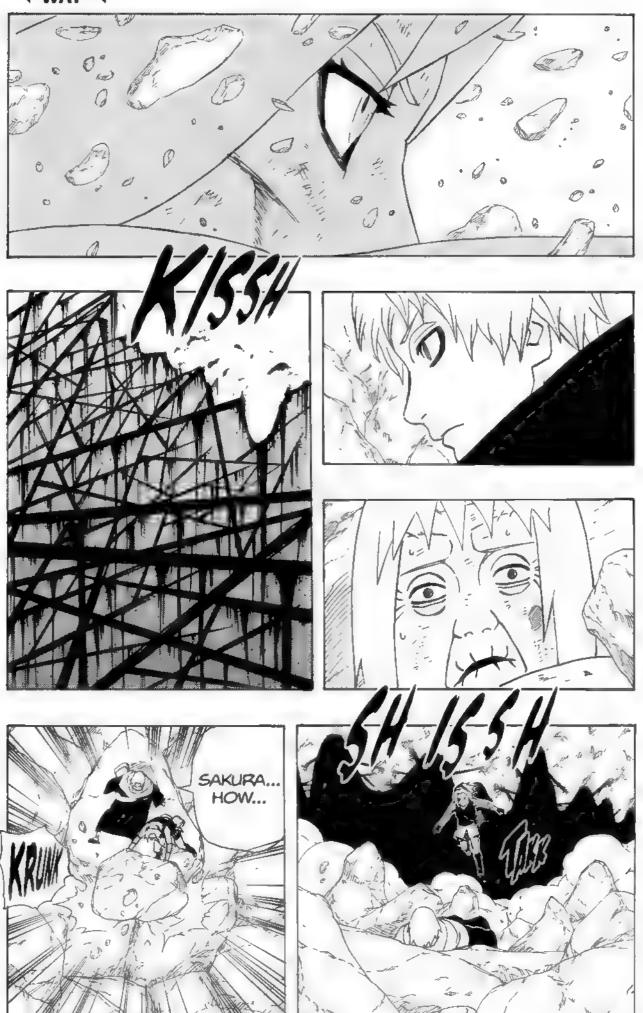








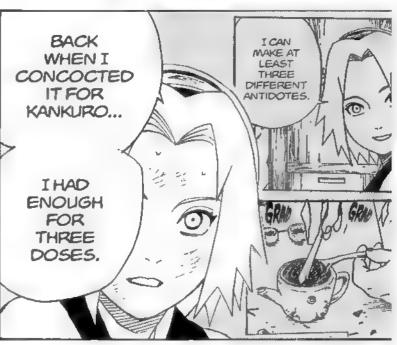


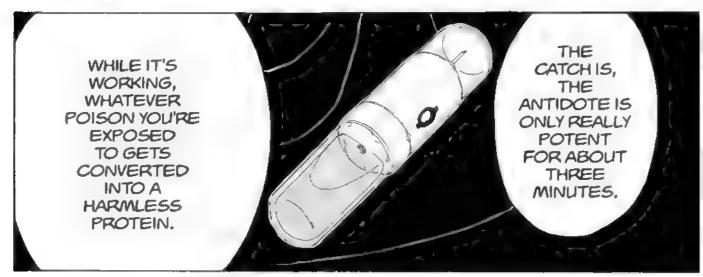


















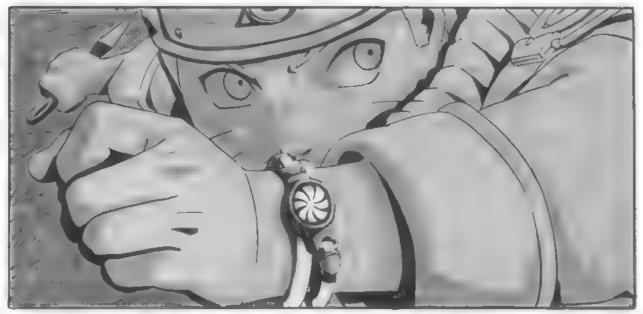








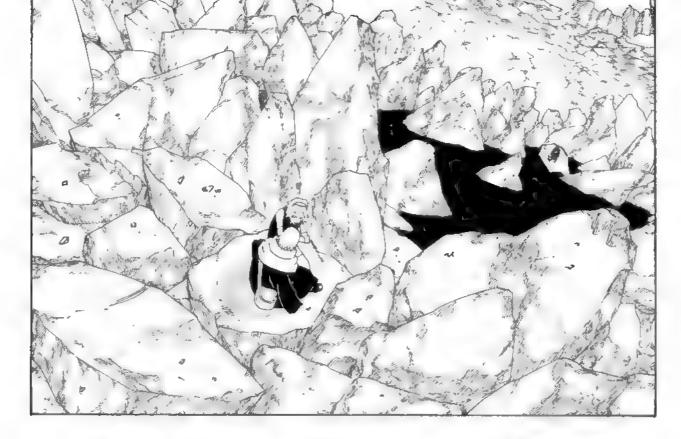
Sumber 271: Unknown Power...!





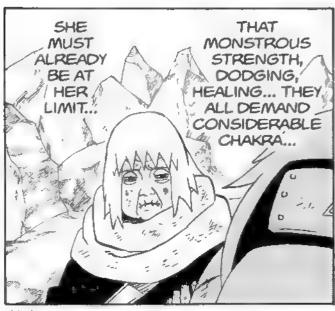








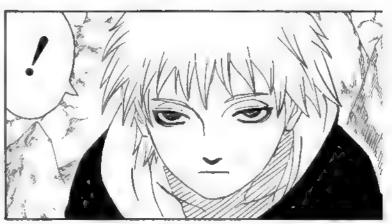




















































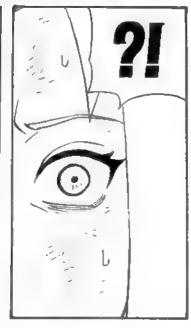










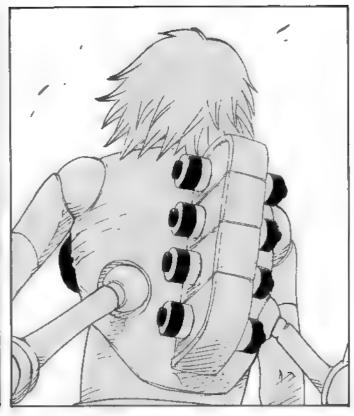




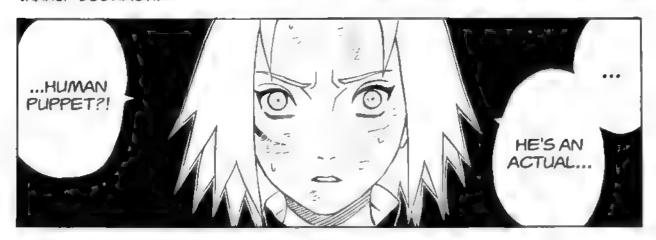


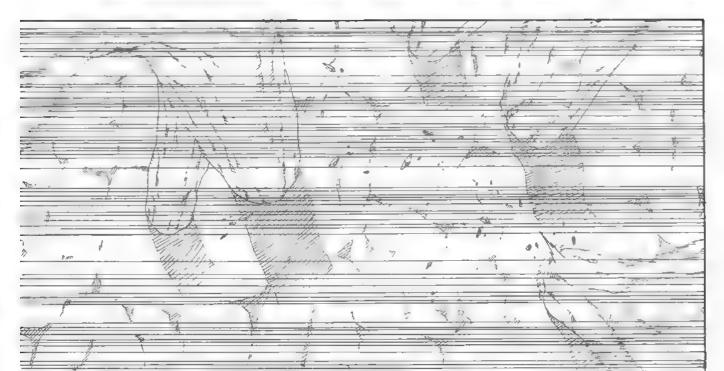






(KANJI: SCORPION)













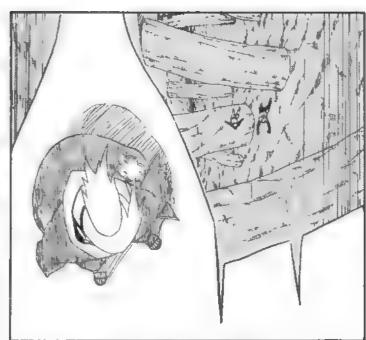


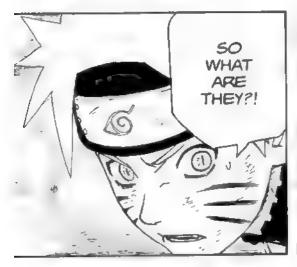






















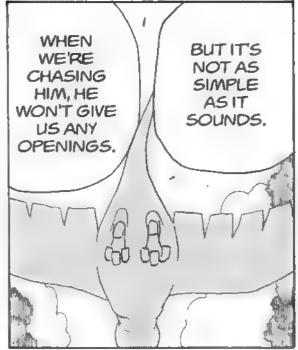
































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